"('() VE ASHORE."

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

CHAPTER III.

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... - HAST HER FIRST APPEARANCE. Tha e had an adventure at alter all, what am I talking miventure at all, but only a mendent. This is how it hap-

this morning before my the open air, painting busily,

that premised, by the way, that another excursion into the rotory, on the quest for more eggs

of over my shoulder and saw. the corner of my white sunand large, eager eyes fixed, not int upon the canvas I was paint-

the best surprised, I thought to The caravan has exercised and the district, and the usual audimin le mining to gather.' So I went tranwith my work, and paid no more

Tresulty, however, fatigued with my and landinged in a great yawn, and rose halo bone self. I then perceived that my and a way more select than numerous, consaling the ly one individual-a young perwith a We the channey-pot hat, Closer obarvalled she wed me that said hat was set on a limit of closely cropped, curly black hair. to wath which there shone a brown, boyish to live and with sun and wind, a pair of and a laughing mouth with the pas of the whitest of teeth. But the the though layish, did not belong to a boy. The transferson was dressed in an old cotharge was had a colored woolen shawl or are the wn over the shoulders, and wor. think a rolen stockings and rough shoes, th. atternative sizes too large. The gown was toushed for the wearer, who had evidently atgrown it; it reached only just below the much resembling a dilapidated garter.

"The young person's unile was so bright and good-humored that I found myself anwering it with a friendly nod. Hillow are you! I said, gallantly. 'I hape you're quite well?



"How are you?" I said, gallantly. "She modded in reply, and, stooping down, plucked a long blade of grass, which she lased in her mouth and began to nibbleashfully, I thought.

" May I ask where you come from? I said. Thurst, where do you live? "Without speaking, she stretched out her arm and pointed across the lake in the direcon of the sea. I could not help noticing then, as an artist, that the sleeve of her gown saskassinal torn, and that her arm was and and well formed, and her hand, though rough and sun-burned, quite genteelly small. "If it is not inquisitive, may I ask your

"Matt." was the reply. "Is that all! What is you other name?" "Tve got no other name. I'm Matt, I

" ludeel! Do your parents live here? " but no parents,' was the reply. "Your relations, then. You belong to olide the, I suppose f " la gave me another nod.

"I's, she answered, nibbling rapidly. 'I with to William Jones.' " Uh, to him,' I said, feeling as familiar with the name as if I had known it all my Mis. But he's not your father? She shook her head emphatically,

" list of course he's a relation ! "Another shake of the head. "But you belong to him? I said, considership puzzled. 'Where were you born?' "I wasn't born at all,' answered Matt. 'I

This was what the immortal Dick Swiveler would have called a 'staggerer.' I looked the girl again, inspecting her curiously from top to te. Without taking her eyes If in more, she stood on one leg bashfully, and fidgeted with the other foot. She was at any not bad-looking, though evidently a Even the extraordinary became her well. "I know what you was doing there,' she

"You my easel. 'You

The lawry not being a brilliant one, I be a set solde to confirm it; but Matt thereto the canvas and, stooping the control it with undisguised curiosity. land the glanced again at me. w what this is,' she cried, pointing

And that's the sky. And that's And these here'-for a moment she "pigs." as the subject represented a flock of ling together close to a pond on a this suggestion was not overmotory to my artistic skill. I was on the proof of correcting my astute critic when hafter a moment's further inspe

They re sheep. Look ye now, I know touch the paint,' I suggested, the her in some alarm. 'It is wet,

w lack cautiously; and then, as a to further conversation, sat down mile arms, giving me further occasion to her length and shapeliness of limb. There a free and easiness, not to say boldther manner, tempered though it gasts of bashfulness which began to

in your paint faces? she asked, duand that I could even aspire to that hunent, by which I understood her be painting, if need were. She

and med of satisfaction. Was a painter chap came to Aber-William and he painted William I said, with an assumption of

wanted him to paint me, but he Harpainted William Jones' father, mung o' William Jones.' with an air of unmistakable disgust

and restauration. I looked at the girl more It had never occurred to me that she would make a capijust the sort of 'study' which a fair price in the market. free-and-easy manner, which themus, and sat down on the grass

what it is, Matt,' I said, fapaint you, though the other she cried, blushing with de-

and a very nice portrait I make. Be good enough to take at that I may have a better look even me at once, and threw the

hate down on the grass beside her.

one granced at me sidesong, saugning, and showed ber white teeth. Whatever her age was, she was quite old enough to be a coquette. "Promptly as possible I put the question You have not told me how old you are. "'Fifteen,' she replied, without besitation

"I should have taken you to be at least a "She shook her head "'It's fifteen year come Whitsuntide,' she explained, 'since I come ashore.' "Although I was not a little curious to know

what this 'coming ashore' meant, I felt that all my conversation had been categorical to monotony, and I determined, therefore, to reserve further inquiry until another occasion. Observing that my new friend was now looking at the caravan with considerable interest, I asked her if she knew what it was, and if she had seen anything like it before. She replied in the negative, though I think she had a tolerably good guess as to the caravan's uses. I thought this a good opportunity to show my natural politeness. Would she like to look at the interior? She said she would, though without exhibiting much en-

"I thereupon led the way up the steps and into the vehicle. Matt followed; but, so soon as she caught a glimpse of the interior, stood timidly on the threshold. What is ther; in the atmosphere of a house, even the rriest, which places the visitor at a disadvantage as compared with the owner! Even animals feel this, and dogs especially, when visiting strange premises, exhibit most abject hu-mility. But I must not generalize. The

cearings of this remark, to quote my friend Capt. Cuttle, lies in the application of it. Matt for a moment was awed. " 'Come in Matt; come in,' I said

"She came in by slow degrees; and I no ticed, for the first time-seeing how near her hat was to the roof-that she was unusually tall. I then did the honors of the place. nowed her my sleeping arrangements, my culinary implements, everything that I thought would interest her. I offered her the arm-chair, or turned-up bedstead; but she preferred a stool which I sometimes used for my feet, and, sitting down upon it, looked round her with obvious admiration. "Should you like to live in a house like

this? I asked, encouragingly.
"She shook her head with decision. "Why not? I demanded.

"She did not exactly know why, or at any rate could not explain. Wishing to interest and amuse her, I handed her a portfolio of my sketches, chiefly in pencil and pen-andink, but a few in water colors. Her manner changed at once, and she turned them over with little cries of delight. It was clear that Matt had a taste for the beautiful in art, but her chief attraction was for pictures representing the human face and figure.

"Among the sketches she found a crayon drawing of an antique and blear-eyed gentleman in a skull cap, copied from some Remrandtish picture I had seen abroad "I know who this is ! she exclaimed.

It's William Jones' father! "I assured her on my honor that William Jones' father was not personally known to me, but she seemed a little incredulous. Presently she rose to go. "'I can't stop no longer,' she explained,
'I've got to go up to Monkshurst for William

" 'Monkshurst? Is that where the polite Mr. Monk resides? "'Yes; up in the wood,' she replied, with a

grimace expressive of no little dislike. "'Is Mr. Monk a friend of yours?" "Her answer was a very decided negative. Then, slouching to the door, she swung herself down to the ground. I followed, and stood on the threshold, looking down at her. "Don't forget that I'm to paint your pie

ture,' I said. 'When will you come back?' "'To-morrow, maybe." "'I shall expect you. Good-by!"

"'Good-by, master,' she returned, reaching up to shake hands. "I watched her as she walked away toward the road, and noticed that she took bold strides, like a boy. On reaching the read she looked back and laughed, then she drew herself together and began running like a young deer, with little or nothing of her former clumsiness, until she disappeared among the

"Thursday-This morning, just after breakfast, when I had entered the caravan to prepare my materials for the day's painting, Tim appeared at the door with a horrid grin. " 'There's a young lady asking for ye,' he

"I had forgotten for the moment my appointment of the day before, and, when I leaped from the caravan, I perceived, standing close by, with her back to me and her face toward the lake, the figure of a young woman. At first I failed to identify her, for she wore a black hat and a white feather, a cloth jacket, and a dress which almost reached the ground; but she turned round as I approached her, and I recognized my new ac-

"I cannot say that she was improved by her change of costume. In the first place, it made her look several years older-in fact, quite young womanly. In the second place, it was tawdry, not to say, servant-gally, if 1 may coin such an adjective. The dress was of thin silk, old and fraved, and looking as if it had suffered a good deal from exposure to the elements, as was indeed the actual case. The jacket was also old, and seemed made of the rough material which is usually cut into pea jackets; which was the case also. The hat was obviously new, but, just as obvi-

ously, home made. "So you have come," I said, shaking hands. 'Upon my word, I didn't know you. "She laughed delightedly, and glanced down at her attire, which clearly afforded her the greatest satisfaction. "'I put on my Sunday clothes,' she ex-

plained, ''cause I was going to have my likeness took. Don't you tell William Jones.' "I promised not to betray her to that insufferable nuisance, and refrained from informing her that I thought her ordinary costume far more becoming than her seventh-

"That's a nice dress,' I said, hypocritally. Where did you buy it? "'I didn't buy it. It come ashore.'



"I didn't buy it. It come ashore." "What! When you "come ashore" your-"'No fear!' she answered. 'Last winter when the big ship went to bits out there.'

"Oh, I see! Then it was a portion of a "Yes, it come ashore; and look ye now. this jacket came ashore too. On a sailor

"'And the sailor chap made you a present of it, I suppose? "'No fear!' she repeated, with her sharp shake of the head. 'How could he give it me, when he was drownded and come ashore William Jones gave it to me, and I altered it

my own self-look ye now-to make it fit.' She was certainly an extraordinary young person, and wore her mysterious finery with a coolness I thought remarkable, it being quite clear, from her explanation, that all was fish that came to her net; or, in other words, that dead men's clothes were as acceptable to her unprejudiced taste as any others. However, the time was hastening on, and I had my promise to keep. So I got

my crayon materials and hade Matt at down before me on a stork first insisting, however, that she should divest hers if of her head gear, which was an abomination, but which she discarded with extreme reluctance. Directly I began she became rigid, and fixed herself, so to speak, as people do when being

photographed—her eyes glaring on vacancy, her whole face lost in self-satisfied vacuity. "'You needn't keep like that,' I cried; 'I want your face to have some expression. Move your head about as neuch as you like laugh and talk-it will be all the better.' "'Last time I was took,' she replied, 'the chap said I musn't move,

"'I suppose he was a traveling photog-

"He had a little black box, like, on legs, and a cloth on top of it, and he looked at me through a hole in the middle. Then he cried "now," and held up his hand for me to keep still as a mouse; then he counted fifty-and I was took.' "'Ah! Indeed! Was it a good likeness?"

"'Yes, master. But I looked like the black woman who come ashore last Easter was a "With conversation like this we beguiled the way, while I proceeded rapidly with my drawing. At the end of a couple of hours Matt had become so fidgety that I thought it advisable to give her a rest. She sprang up and ran over to inspect the picture. The moment her eyes fell upon it she uttered a rap-

"'Look ye now, ain't it pretty! Master, am I like that! "I answered her it was an excellent likeness, and not too flattering. Her face fell,

however, a little as she proceeded. "'Are my cheeks as red as that, master?" "You are red, Matt,' I replied, flippantly; so are the roses.' "She looked at me thoughtfully. "'When it's finished, will you give it to

me to keep! "Well, we shall see. "I gave tother chap a shilling for his frame and all, but I've got no more money. she continued, with an insinuating smile which, as a man of gallantry, I could not resist. So I promised that, if she behaved herself properly, I would, in all probability, make her the present she coveted.

"'You must come again to-morrow,' I said, as we shook hands, and I'll finish the thing "All right, master, I'll come."

"And with a nod and a bright smile she walked away. "During the whole of this interview Tim had not been unobservant, and so soon as I was left alone he looked up from the work he was engaged upon, viz., potato-washing, and gave a knowing smile. "'Sure, she's a fine bold colleen,' he said.

Does your honor know who she is! "I have not the slightest idea. "They're saving down tevant that she's a say fondling, and has neither father nor mother, nor any belongings.' "'Pray, who was your informant?"

"The man who picked her from the say-William Jones hisself.' "That name again. It was becoming too much for flesh and blood to bear. From the first moment of my arrival I had heard no other, and I had begun to detest its very

CHAPTER IV.

INTRODUCES WILLIAM JONES AND HIS FATHER. My story is now bound to follow in the footsteps of Matt, who, on quitting the presence of her artist friend, walked ra lly along the sand-incumbered road in the direction of

Skirting the lake upon the left hand, and still having the ocean of sandhills upon her right, she gradually slackened her pace. A spectator, had he been by, would have doubtless observed that the change was owing to maiden meditation; that, in other words, Matt had fallen into a brown study.

Presently she sat down upon a convenient stone, or piece of rock, and, resting her elbows on her knees, her chin in her hands, looked for some minutes at vacancy. At last she rose, flushing warmly, and murmuring something to herself.

The something was to this effect: "His hands are as white as a lady's, when he pulls off them gloves, and he said I was as

I can only guess at the train of reasoning which led to this soliloquy, and express my opinion that Matt had well-leveloped ideas on the subject of the sexes. True, she was not above sixteen, and had little or no experience of men, none at all of men who were both young and good looking. Nevertheless, she was not insensible of the charms of a white hand, and other tokens of masculine refinement and beauty.

By a natural sequence of ideas, she was led to stretch out her own right hand and look at it critically. It was very brown, and covered with huge golden freckles. The inspection not being altogether satisfactory, she thrust both her hands irritably into the pockets of her jacket, and walked on.

Leaving the lake behind her she followed the road along a swampy hollow, down which the shallowest of rivulets crept along by the sea, now losing itself altogether in mossy patches of suspicious greenness, again emerging and trickling with feeble glimmers over pebble and sand. Presently she left the road and came upon a primitive wooden bridge, consisting of only one plank, supported on two cairns of stone. Here she paused, and seeing a red-legged sand-piper running about on the edge of the water just below her, made a gesture like a boy's throwing a stone, whereon the sand-piper sprang up chirping, and flew along out of sight. By this time she was in full sight of the sea. Dead calm, and covered with rain-col-

ored shadows, it touched the edges of the flat sands about a mile away, and left one long creamy line of changeless foam. The sands themselves stretched away to the westward far as eye could see. But to the left and eastward, that is to say, in the direction toward which she was going, there was a long, rocky promontory, with signs of human habitation. Breaking into a swing-like trot, Matt hastened thither, following a footpath across

In due time she came out upon a narrow and rudely made road which wound along the rocky promontory, at low water skirting the sand, at high water, the sea. The first house she reached was a wooden life-boat house lying down in a creek; and it being then low tide, at some distance from the water's edge. On the roadside above the house was a flagstaff, and beneath the flagstaff a wooden seat. All was very still and desolate, without a sign of life; but a little farther along the road was a row of cottages which seemed inhabited, and were in fact the abodes of the coastguard. Instead of lingering here Matt proceeded on her way until she reached what at first sight looked like the beginning of a village or small town. There were houses on each side of the road, some of them several stories high; but close inspection showed that most of them were roofless, that few of them possessed any windows or doors. and that nearly all were decayed and dilapidated from long disuse, while not a few had a blasted and sinister appearance, as if blackened by fire. And still there was no sign of any human soul. Suddenly, however, the street came to an end, and Matt found herself on a sort of rocky platform overlooking the sea: and on this platform, shading his eyes from the blazing sun and looking out seaward, was

a solitary man. So intent was he on his occupation, that he was unconscious of Matt's approach till she was standing by his side. He turned his eyes upon her for a moment, and then once more gazed out to sea.

A short, plump, thickset man, with round, weather-beaten face, which would have been good humored but for its expression of extreme watchfulness and greed. The eyes were blue, but very sma'l and keen; the forehead low and narrow: he hair coarse and sandy; the beard coar er and sandier still. He might have been about 50 years of age. His dress was curious-consisting of a yellow sou'-wester, a pair of seaman's coarse canvas trousers and a blue pilot jacket, ornamented with brass buttons which bore the in signia of Har Majesty's naval service.

Presently, without turning his eyes again from the far distance, the man spoke in a

tusky, far-away whisper: Matt, do you see summat out youder!" Matt strained her gaze through the dasrling sunlight, but failed to discern any object on the light expanse of water. "Look ye now," continued the man: "He may be drifting weed, or it may be wreck; but it's summat. Look again."

"Summat black, William Jones!" "Yes. Coming and going. Now it comes. and it's black; now it goes, and the water looks white where it was. If it isn't wreck. it's weed, if it ain't weed, it's wreck. And the tide's flowing, and it'll go ashore afore night at the Caldron Pint, if I want for it. But I sha'n't wait," he added, eagerly. "I'll go and overhaul it now."

He looked round suspicious, and then mid: "Matt, did you see any of them coastguard chaps as you come along "No. William Jones."

"Thought not. They're up Pencroes way. fooling about; so there's a chance for a honest man to look arter his living without no questioning. You come along with me, and if it is summat. I'll gie thee tuppence some o' As he turned to go, his eyes fell for the first time on her attire. "What's this, Matt! What are you doing

in your Sunday clothes!" The girl was at a less how to reply. She blushed scarlet, and hung down her head. Fortunately for her, the man was too absorbed in his main object of thought to catechise her further. He only shook his fat head in severe disapprobation, and led the way down to a small creek in the rocks.

there a rough coble was rocking, secured by

rusty chain. "Jump in and take the paddles. I'll sit astarn and keep watch. The girl obeyed and leaped in; but before sitting down she tucked up her dress to her knees to avoid the dirty water in the bottom of the boat. William Jones followed, and pushed off with his hands. Calm as the water was, there was a heavy shoreward swell, on which they were immediately uplifted, with some danger of being swept back on the rocks; but Matt handled the paddles like one

to the manor born, and the boat shot out swiftly on the shining sea. The sun was burning with almost insufferable brightness, and the light blazed on the golden mirror of the water with blinding, refracted rays. Crouching in the stern of the boat. William Jones shaded his eves with both hands and gazed intently on the object he had discovered far out to sea. Now and then he

made a rapid motion to guide the girl in her rowing, but he did not speak a word. Oh. how hot it was out there on the wideless waves! For some time Matt pulled on in silence; but at last she could bear it no longer, nd rested on her oars, with the warm perspiration streaming down her freckled cheeks. "Pull away, Matt," said the man, not look-

ng at her. "You ain't tired, not you!" With a long-drawn breath Matt drew in the oars, and, swift as thought, peeled off her jacket and threw off her hat, leaving her head exposed to the burning sun. Now, the silk gown she wore had evidently been use t by its original owner as a festal raiment, for it had been cut low, and had

short sleeves. So Matt's shoulders and arms were perfectly bare, and very white they looked in contrast with her sun-freekled hands. her sun-burned face, and her warm brown neck. Her bust was as yet undeveloped, but her neck and shoulders were fine, and her arms beautifully molded. Altogether, her friend the painter, could he have seen her just then, would have regarded her with increasing admiration Freed from the incumbrance of her jacket,

she now pulled away with easy grace and skill. Farther and farther the beat receded from shore, till the promontory they had left was a couple of miles away. Suddenly William Jones made a sign to the girl to stop, and stood up in the boat to reconnoitre. The object at which he had been gazing so ong was now clearly visible. It consisted of something black, floating on a glassy stretch of water, and surrounded by fragments of loose scum or froth; it was to all appearance

motionless, but was, in reality, drifting wearily shoreward on the flowing tide. William Jones now evinced increasing exitement, and urged his companion to hurry quickly forward-which she did, putting out all her strength in a series of rapid and powerful strokes. Another quarter of an hour brought them to the spot where the object was floating. Trembling with eagerness, the man leaned over the boat's side with outstretched hands.

As he did so Matt turned her heed away with a curious gesture of dread. "What is it. William Jones?" she seked, not ooking at him. "It isn't-you know-one o'

"No, it ain't!" replied the man, leaning over the side of the coble, and tilting the gunwale almost to the water's edge. "Too early for them, Matt. If they comes, it won't be till Sunday's tide. They're down at the bottom now, and ain't yet rose. Easy! Lean 'tother way! So there-look out!"

As he spoke, he struggled with something in the water, and at last, with an effort which almost capsized the boat, pulled it in. Matt looked now, and saw that it was a small, flat, wooden trunk, covered with pieces of slimy weed. Floating near it were several pieces of splintered wood, which seemed to have formed part of a boat. These, too, William secured and threw down on the footboard beneath

"It's a box, that's what it is," cried Matt. "It's a box, surely," said Jones. "And it's locked, too. And, look ye now. I misdoubt there's nowt inside, or may hap it would have

sunk. Howsomever, we'll see!" After an unavailing effort to force it open with his hands he drew forth a large claspknife, worked away at the lock, and tried to force open the lid, which soon yielded to his efforts, as the action of the salt water had al. eady begun to rot the wood. On being thus opened the box was found to contain only a couple of coarse linen shirts, an old newspaper, two or three biscuits, and half bottle of some dark fluid.

After examining these articles one by one William Jones threw them back into the box with gestures of disgust, retaining only the bottle, which he uncorked and applied to his

ding at Matt. Then, recorking the bottle carefully, he returned it to the box, and, standing up, reconnoitred the sea on every side. But nothing else rewarded his eager search; he threw himself down in the stern of the boat and ordered Matt to pull back to

As they went he closed one eye thoughtfully and mused aloud: "Night afore last it blew half a gale from the southard. This here box came awash from the east coast of Ireland. May be it was a big ship as was lost; them planks was part of the wessel's long-boat. More's coming if the wind don't come up from the norrard. The moon's full to-night and to-morrow. I'll tell the old 'un, and keep a sharp lockout off the Caldron P'int."

Mattrowed on steadily till they co ne within a quarter of a mile of the shore, when William Jones stood up again and reconnoitred the prospect inland. "Pull in, Matt!" he said, after a minute. "All's square!" Soon afterward the post reached the rocks.

William Jones sprang out and, running up to the platform above, took another survey. This being satisfactory, he ran down again and lifted the box out of the boat, carrying it with ease under one arm.

"Make the boat fast," he said, in a husky whisper; "and bring them bits o' wood along with you for the fire. I'll cut on to the cottage with this here. It ain't much, but it's summat, so I'll carry it clean out o' sight before them precious coastguards come smell-With these words he clambered up the

rocks with his burden, leaving Matt to follow leisurely in his wake. Chicago Ledger: "Pewer Mapul Shuger" the way a sign reads at a Van Buren street

Texas has 1,000,000 head of cattle belong-

THE TERRAPIN.

WHAT A BALTIMORE DEALER HAS TO SAY ON THE SUBJECT.

The Market Thirty Years Ago-Half a Million Do.lars' Worth Now Annually Taken - Results of Starvation -Methods of Capture.

Baltimore American

Thirty years ago, with the hardest kind I labor," said Mr. S. R. Scoggin; the game and fish dealer, "I succeeded in selling \$1, 00 worth of diamond-back terrapins at from \$8 to \$10 a dozen. In the season which closed on the 1st of April 1 sold over \$100. \$500,000 if I could have gotten the terrapin. The Baltimore people -and, for that matter, the people of the whole state-lid not take to terrapin at first. It was ten years before they were purchase i to any great extent. My grandfather leaves it on rec rd that he bought the bet terrapin in the Annapolis market for 12% cents each, and his slaves once rebelled because he gave them terrapin and would not give them pork. Of course, times have greatly changed since then. Now there are \$1,500,000 worth of terrapin caught out of the Che-apeake bay and its

tributaries every year. As the price averages fully \$30 a dozen, this represent. 600,000 terrapins annually. During the season over 500 men are engaged in catching them. They are caught on both sides of the bay, from the Rappahannock to Spring Gardens. They are found wherever the water cresses grow and, as you probably know, the Chesapeake bay is the best body of water for this grass in the world. It is that which gives them their wonderful flavor."

Mr. Soggins, who knows from a long perconal observation all that is worth knowing on this subject, is a firm believer in the terrapin, both as a food and as a medicine. He cited to his visitor several remarkable stories of its sustaining power. "On the 1st of last September," said he, "I relected four terrapins from my stock, weighing exactly four pounds each. I was very precise ab ut the weight, as I wished them for a specific purpose. These I placed in a strong box. which was entirely empty. I nailed this box up securely and laid it aside. On the st of April I opened it for the first time since it had been closed. What do you think was the result of the seven months of total abstinence from both food and drink?"

"Starvation, of course." "There is where you are mistaken. Not only where the diamond-backs well and hearty, but their avorage weight was four pounds and one ounce each. They had gained an ounce on nothing. I have tried same experiment before, and always with similar result. It doe n't cost much to board terrapins, does it?"

Mr. Sco gin; related an instance of the recujerative powers of the terrapin. One night a healthy rat made a sizable meal off a terrapin's hind foot, and left an ugly sore. The terrapin was placed in a box by it elf. Nothing was applied to the sore, and in the space of twenty-four hours the wound was

completely healed. There are several methods of catching the terrapin. One is by a dredge, another by a eine an ther by a net, and still another by a three-pronged stick. With the latter, the catcher prods in the mud until he feels something move, and then he reaches down for the diamond back. The element of luck naturally enters largely into terrapin catching, but experience frequently shows where they most abound. Good catchers know the rept le's peculiarities, and when they discover a luxurious growth of water cress, they lie low for their prey, as that is sure to prove a terrapin feeding ground. The Indians used to have a great liking for the terrapin. In 1661, when the big men of all the Indian tribes met at Spe-utia islan i, at the mouth of the Susquehanna, to make a treaty with Governor Philip Calvert, the biggest chief of them all was Dahadaghossa, of the

great Torrepine-i. e. terrapin-family. Russian Religious Intolerance.

Brooklyn Eagle. "In Russia all creeds are free." So Alexander II wrote to the holy fathers in 1878. It was a barefaced falsehood then; let is see whether it is true now. In Wolbynia there are 60,000 colonists from Bohemia, Roman Catholic to a man. They wanted priests, so the government got three from Bohemia. But what priest? Suffice it to say they were all married. The colonists did not like that sort of thing, so the government called together a "diocesan conferance" of the districts of Debno, Ostrong and Romno. The men who met at the conference to draw up a constitution of the church were worthy of such "prie ts" as they had. One man proposed that they should form a Catholic church without a pope. Another advised the adoption of the Lutheran creed, but this was objected to because Luther was a German, and the Germans were the born enemies of the Bohemians. A third held that the tenets of Huss should be adopted. At last they agreed to call them elves Bohemian brothers and to reproduce a Greek liturgy in the native Bohemian tongue. The resolutions of the conventions were approved of by the Russian government. Most of the colonists turned with a shudder from the new creed and declared that they will live and die Roman Catholic; as their fathers had done before them, and they sent for Polish priests to minister to them. Thereupon the Russian government decreed that none of the colonists were to be allowed to acquire real estate except such as had joined the Bohemian brothers. This decree is still in force. That's what they call religious

freedom in Russia. A Serious Illness. [New York Times.]

"I hear that your wife's health is very poor, Uncle Rastus,"
"Yes," replied Uncle Rastus, wiping away tear, "de poo' ole coman am enjoyin' bery bad health ob late, sah. Hit do beat all, sah, how de poo' creatures ob dis yearth am strucken down in de mournfullest way. Why, fo' months ago, sah," he went on sorrowfully, "dat poo' old wife ob mine cud ake in two dollahs a day 'washir

Halting the Procession. [Chicago Times.] A frontier cowboy covered him self with glory, in Omaha, by putting spurs to his broucho and overtaking a runaway team on the streets of that city. Forging along ide, he reached to the ground from his seat in he saddle, gathered the trailing rein; of t. e runaways, gave the ribbon; a couple of turns round the horn of his saddle, spoke to his well-trained broncho, which set its fore feet in a sudden stop, and halted the whole procession.

Stuffed and Mounted. [Exchange.] The National museum exhibits at New Orleans the stuffed and mounted skin of every beast, bird, and fish that contributes

in any way to the life, comfort, and pleasure of mankind. How L. Coln Heard "Dixie." [Philadelphia Times.] It is easy for me to recall an instance only a night or two before Mr. Lincoln was as assinated. The president had returned from Richmond, and a crowd called with a ban i tender congratulations and a serenade. The man who so soon was to be the victim

of the assassin's bullet appeared in respon e

to calls, and thanked the audience for the

compliment. Several members of his cabi-

not surrounded him, and it was a very interesting and dramatic occasion. Just as he was closing his brief remarks Mr. Lincoln *aid: "I see you have a band with you. I should like to hear it play Dixie.' I have consulted the attorney general, who is here by my side, and he is of the opinion that Dixie belongs to us. Now play played it as I have never before or since heard it rendered. As the strains of the music rang out upon the air cheer after cheer went up from the throats of the hundreds of happy men who called to congratulata Mr. Lincoln upon the return of peace

BASE BALL MANUFACTURE.

Now the Instruments of Fun and Torture Are Made Hard and Firm.

Philadelphia Times I At least 10,000 000 he e balls are made and sold in this country every year. Perhaps very few persons know the process by which these balls are manufactured or the nature of the stuff- used in constructing a standard ball. The most expert workmen are employed. First there is a little hard rubber ball, and around that the wrapper winds a strong, blue, coarse yarn. When this reaches a pre-cribed size it is firmly wrapped with white Venetian varn.

The balls are then placed in an oven and baked until all the moi-ture is taken out of them and they are reduced in size. This makes them solid. After this they are coated with cement. This causes the balls to retain their shape, and they cannot be knocked crooked. Then comes some fine blue yarn, and around the whole is placed fine white gilling twine. The balls are weighed, for each must be of certain weight, and are now ready for the covers. These latter are made of the best quality of horsehide. The cover consists of two piece , each cut in the shape of the figure "8." By bending one section one way and the other in an opposite direction. a complete cover is obtaine i.

That was the discovery of a college boy. F r years the balls were covered with four pieces of leather, but the genius of the college chap has proved a great benefit to the manufacturers. At one time two covers were placed upon a ball. That is, the ball was half made when it was covered, and then another ball constructed over it. But even that did not prevent its being knocked out of shape: They cannot disturb the ball as now made, though, because the cement A little machine, owned by a Philadelphia

holds it firm is used for winding the balls. It is the only one in the world. It wraps two and one-half ounces of the American association balls in a minute, and the rest is finished by hand. That apparatus is a little wonder, It does its work as neatly as if it had brains, but is capable, say its owners, of a good deal of improvement.

Best Armed Soldiers in the World.

[New York Graphic.] The Turkish soldiers are armed with what is probably the finest military rifle in the world-the Peabody-Martini-Henri. These guns, to the number of 600,000, were manufactured a few years ago in this country, where Turkey buys nearly all of her supplies. The contract was awarded to the Providence Tool company, of Providence, R. I., and the price paid for the guns was such a good one that the Tool company ought to have made \$1,000,000 or \$2 000,000 out of the job. Instead of that, however. the affair was mismanaged, the company

lost money, and soon after failed. The guns, however, were very superior weapons. They were made on the principle of the Martini-Henri rifle, with which the English troops are armed, and had an additional advantage in a peculiarity of the barrel invented by a man named Peabody. The cartrid;e: were made in New Haven and Bridgeport. The e gun; and cartridge; were used in the Russo-Turkish war, and with them the Turks, who are gallant fighters, enjoyed an immense advantage over the Russians, who carried the old Snyder rifle. The Snyder would not carry over 300 yards with accuracy, whereas the Turks would open fire on a Russian battalion 1,500 yards off, which would be cut to pieces and annihilated when it got within firing distance of

An Ostrich with a Wooden Leg.

[Anaheim (Cal.) Gazette.] Some time ago the rare and ludicrous sight of an ostrich with a wooden leg might have been seen at the ostrich farm. The ostriches first hatched were deficient in bone structure, a fact which is attributed to the deficiency of a certain element in the food of the parent bird, a deficiency which has now been supplied. The bones of the legs in these young chicks were very soft and breakable and much of the mortality among them was due to broken legs. As an experiment, Superintendent Sketchley—who is an M. D. -amputated the leg of one of the birds which had broken it accidentally below the knee, and strapped on a wooden leg, upon which the bird strutted around for some time. Those who have seen the ungainly and mincing gait of the ostrich when equipped with natural legs, can imagine what a peculiar step one of them would have with an artificial limb. Unfortunately, the bird thus singularly equipped broke his

leg above the knee, and died.

How an Artist Painted Niagara. [New York Sun.] One of the sensational picture; of the year at the London exhibition will be Mr. Colin Hunter's "Rapids of Niagara." Last autumn Mr. Hunter went out to Niagara and annexed, pro tem., a small islet-a mere table of rock-which stands out in the rushing water above the fall and is separated by a yard or two from Goat island. There he set up his ea el almost on a level with the water, and painted the wave as they tumble against the sky and take all kinds of fantastic shapes before falling into the gulf below. The picture is very large, some twelve feet wide and five high. It is practically all sky an I water, for a distant hint at the opposite bank and the dark trees upon it is no more than a hint; and the same may be said of a sunken rock near the lower edge of the frame, the presence of which we divine by the oily flow and discoloration of the

water above it. Rattling Good at One Thing. [Chicago Ledger.] "I had supposed he was quite a gifted

man." "Him?" "Yes." "Not much. "Ah; you surprise me." "He never had any particular gift for anything as I could see, but to look solemn

and catch fish. He was rattling good at

t.at, though, and could pull in more suckers'n any body't ever spit on a hook." [New Orleans Picayune.] A good ivory is now made from bones and scrap; of sheepskin. The next improvement will be the p'aying of the game of billiards by machinery. When this is done young men can stay at home and improve their

minds.

[Cincinnati Enquirer.] "Can you lend me \$2!" "Can't do it possibly." "Two dollars is not a large sum to lend." "No, but it's a large sum to lose." The Economical Gondoller.

An Unsuccessful Appeal.

francs, about 80 cents, a day the year round. On this he will marry, rear a family, and put some money away. The Largest Dog. Cedrac the Sixon, the famous boar hound, is the largest dog in the world. He weight

A Venetian gondolier makes on an average

more than 200 pounds. Several temperance military companies have been formed in New York city. Confounding the Conspirators.

[Chicago Tribune.] A story worth telling of the late lamented Professor Charles O. Thompson illustrates both his quickness of thought and marvelous memory. One morning some waggish Worcester students replaced the large chapel Bible with Webster's dictionary, and the professor, rising to officiate at prayers, read without an instant's hesitation a long pslam from the dictionary page, to the utter confounding of the con piracy.

Where the "H" Comes in. English ill-users of the "h" never insert an extra "h" except in a word on which emphasis or semi-emphasis falls, asserts a critic in The Atlantic. A countryman may say: "Farmer Jones is not an eddicated man. Heddicated! Why, sir," etc.

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